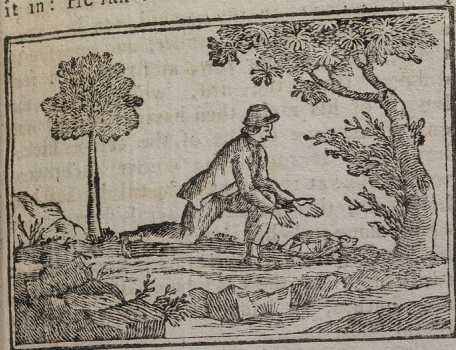


serve him instead of bed and bed-cloaths. That piece of work kept him employed the remainder of the day, and best part of the succeeding, having nothing but a pocket knife to cut it with. As he was busy with a forked stick in turning and spreading the grafs, he saw several monkies as busy as himself, scratching something out of the ground, some of which they eat upon the spot, and carried the rest to their home.

His hopes that the roots might be for his use, those creatures eating nothing but what men may, made him hasten to the place. Having by the leaves (which they tore off) found some of the same, he digs them up and carried them to his barrack, where he broiled a slice of his fish, and in the afternoon roast them, which eat something like chefnut done in the same manner.

This new-found-out eatable much rejoicing him, he returned hearty thanks to kind Providence, that had put him in a way to provide himself with bread, and that of a most delicious kind. As soon as he had dined, he went out to dig up a good quantity; in his way he sees a tortoise of about a foot over crawling before him: Heaven be praised! said he, here's what will supply me both with victuals, and an utensil to dress

it in: He ran therefore, and turned it on its



back, to keep it from getting away, whilst he went for his hatchet, to separate the bottom shell from the top, in order to make a kettle of the deepest, and a dish of the flat part.

Being provided with a boiling utensil, he often had change, by means of those admirable roots; some of which he roasted for bread, others he boiled with salt cod: Having, as was before hinted, projected a bed, and taking the grafs, which by that time was dry, he falls to work; twists his hay into ropes, the bigness of his leg, then he cuts